

SOUVENIR NUMBER.

JUNE, 1893.



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# VOX LYCEI

SOUVENIR NUMBER.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, JUNE, 1893.

## VOX LYCEI.

Published by the Members of the Collegiate  
Institute Lyceum.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, JOHN E. WODELL  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR, JESSIE UPFIELD

Communications and contributions should be addressed to

VOX LYCEI,  
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, HAMILTON.

## Editorials.

**A** PERIOD of two years has elapsed since the last souvenir number of our magazine was issued. During this time we have not been dead by any means—only resting; and with the fresh vigor thus stored up we make bold to again "rush into print" with an edition which it is hoped will be conceded to be "far ahead of all previous efforts." From many sources we are assured that our friends—the public generally—have not forgotten us. We are satisfied that your interest in our school and work warms with each passing year. And so we send our friendly greetings to you all, through our third souvenir number, trusting that you will find within its covers much that will tend to strengthen our present kindly relations and endear to you past memories of the old Collegiate and the Lyceum.

"To be or not to be," is a question which for sometime past has been troubling the minds of those in authority in the matter of a new Collegiate Institute building. Unfortunately the main point is being lost sight of by the citizens in a host of side questions on the matter of a choice of site, the advisability of having any general "higher" education than our public schools afford, and others of like nature or importance. As to the last mentioned argument there rests in our own minds no shadow of a doubt. While it may be possible that a people can have too

much of education, this land has not yet reached such a stage, and the more of education young Canadians receive the greater and more glorious will the future of the nation be. There may be honest differences of opinion as to methods and courses to be pursued, but on the one great essential, Education, all men should be agreed.

If we, as a people, are to shine among the nations of the earth in the centuries to come as leaders of thought, of great movements, of advanced civilization, we cannot afford now to let slip our grasp upon this one thing needful in the onward march of the world's progress. Education and enlightenment are synonymous terms, and the more generally they enter into the life of a people, the greater and grander will that people become.

IT is surprisingly strange how very few good public readers are to be found among the average citizens of Canada. By good readers we mean intelligent readers—those who put a life and expression into their work, which conveys even more vividly than the mere words read, the thought and meaning which the writer intended to express. A prime reason for this is to be found in the fact that, as a rule, we do altogether too little "out loud" reading. In reading mentally the mind absorbs the idea or thought, but fails to set in motion the return machinery to the vocal organs; and so, inactive, this machinery becomes rusted, and when it is required is found to be in very poor condition.

To be an intelligent public reader one must throw aside all thought of his own personality, and, for the time being, allow himself to be a machine, speaking a written thought—a human phonograph, the only point of dissimilarity being that where the man-made machine repeats the given sound, the God-made creature, more delicate, more intricate, is invested with the wondrous power of receiving the silent written thought and giving it forth clothed in its natural garment of pathos, force, tenderness, joy, sorrow, anger, sarcasm, and so on to the end of human emotions.

Because of the dearth of good public readers and the superabundance of indifferent ones, reading "out loud" has come to be regarded as a nuisance—a thing to be discouraged; and so we are gradually losing what is one of the most pleasurable of our powers—that of bringing to life again the characters which lie sleeping in the pages of our books, awaiting the magic voice touch of some living affinity.

### In School.

  
**N**EW faces will be found among the members of the Institute teaching staff. Time works its changes, and in the swiftly moving panorama, each must give place to the other. Following is the name and position of each teacher in the school:  
 R. A. Thompson, B. A., Principal, Specialist in Mathematics; J. B. Turner, B. A., Vice-Principal and Senior Master, Specialist in Science and Mathematics; A. Paterson, B. A., Master of History and Geography; J. T. Crawford, B. A., Mathematical Master, Specialist in Mathematics; W. M. Logan, B. A., Classical Master, Specialist in Classics; E. S. Hogarth, B. A., Modern Language Master, Specialist in Moderns and English; W. J. Sykes, B. A., English Master, Specialist in Moderns and English; Jas. Gill, B. A., Physical Master, Specialist in Mathematics; O. J. Brown, M. A., Assistant Classical Master; W. H. Elliott, Ph. B., Assistant English Master, Specialist in English; Mrs. M. C. Davidson, Assistant English; S. A. Morgan, B. A., Assistant English Master, Specialist in Classics; H. O. E. Asman, B. A., Assistant Mathematical Master; G. L. Johnston, Commercial Master; L. T. Lockheed, M. A., Assistant Modern Languages; C. S. Athawes, Drill Instructor.

### THE 1892 RECORD.

#### KNOX COLLEGE.

##### THEOLOGY.

##### Final Examination.

W. A. Wyllie.

##### Second Year.

James Wilson, B. A.; W. G. W. Fortune, B. A.

W. G. W. Fortune, B. A., Loghrin Scholarship (\$60), Clark Prize in Old Testament Hebrew.

#### SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

##### MECHANICAL ENGINEERING.

##### First Year.

R. G. Black, C. J. Nicholson.

#### CIVIL ENGINEERING.

##### Second Year.

R. B. Watson, second prize.  
McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

##### First Year.

Miss Etta Timpany.  
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

#### MEDICINE.

Final Examination for M. D. C. M.  
W. J. Smuck, F. A. Rosebrugh.

##### ARTS.

##### M. A. Examination.

L. T. Lockheed.

##### B. A. Examination.

G. F. Rogers, P. H. Allin.  
Third Year Examination.

M. C. Peart.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.  
B. A. Examination.

Miss J. C. Counsell.

##### LL. B. Examination.

J. Chisholm, B. A.; W. A. Logie, M. A.  
TRINITY UNIVERSITY.

#### MEDICINE.

Final—E. B. Blain. W. C. Belt.  
TRINITY COLLEGE.

#### MEDICINE.

Final—E. B. Blain. First Year—H. E. Wallace.  
Junior Matriculation—W. A. Brethour, J. E. Johnston, J. B. Johnston, J. A. Simpson, J. Sweet.

##### ARTS.

##### Second Year Examination—Honors.

C. H. Carleton, J. C. H. Mockridge, H. B. Gwyn,  
Miss G. B. Potts.

##### Second Year Examination—Pass.

Miss G. B. Potts, C. H. Carleton, J. C. H.  
Mockridge, A. B. Pottenger, H. B. Gwyn.  
First Year Examination—Pass.

J. A. Ballard.

#### TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

#### MEDICINE.

##### M. B. Examination—Honors.

R. H. Gowland, winner of the Faculty second silver medal; F. A. Rosebrugh, R. R. Bensley.  
Third Year Examination—Honors.

C. W. Thompson, W. J. Smuck.

##### Second Year Examination—Honors.

K. C. McIlwraith.

*First Year Examination—Honors.*

A. S. Langrill, G. D. R. Simpson.

## ARTS.

*B. A. Examination—Honors.*

J. C. Payne, H. E. Wilson, G. F. Hall, J. W. Odell, J. A. McMurchy.

*Third Year Examination—Honors.*

Wm. Gillespie, J. M. Warren, J. E. Moore, T. B. Allen, (winner of the Daniel Wilson Scholarship) L. A. Moore, E. F. Lazier.

Year—A. A. Carpenter, W. H. Gillespie, C. Kapelle, D. A. Souter, G. H. Levy and Miss L. D. Cummings. Third Year—W. Gillespie, J. E. Moore, L. A. Moore, H. A. Moore, J. M. Warren, E. F. Lazier, T. B. Allen. Degree of B. A.—D. C. Brown, H. A. Howell, G. F. Hull, J. A. McMurchy, J. W. Odell.

## DENTISTRY.

*D. D. S. Examination—Honors.*

J. H. Fell, first place.



RYERSON SCHOOL.

*Second Year Examination—Honors.*

W. H. Gillespie, Miss L. D. Cummings, A. A. Carpenter, G. H. Levy, C. Kapelle, D. A. Souter.

*First Year Examination—Honors.*

A. Pearson, Miss A. Rowsom, Miss L. A. Laing, C. W. Freeman, J. W. Rymal, A. A. Laing.

*Pass List.*

First Year—A. A. Laing, C. W. Freeman, J. W. Rymal, Misses A. Rowsom and L. A. Laing. Second

*L. D. S. Examination—Honors.*

J. H. Fell, Silver Medal.

Matriculation—W. A. Brethour, J. E. Johnston, J. B. Johnston, J. A. Simpson, J. Sweet.

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,  
NEW YORK.*M. D. Examination.*

William Gordon Lyle was awarded a position on the Bellevue Hospital Staff on the result of his M. D. Examination.

## TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

*Junior Matriculation—Honor List.*

Herbert S. Brennen, Clayton M. Brown, J. A. Baker, Miss M. E. Craig, C. Findlay, H. S. Southam.  
*Pass List.*

Herbert S. Brennen, Clayton M. Brown, J. A. Baker, B. A. Bensley, John Craig, C. Findlay, A. Lewis, W. A. Philp, M. A. Shaw, H. S. Southam, F. S. Wrinch, Miss M. E. Craig, G. E. Mason, P. J. O'Reilly.

Four ex-students of the Collegiate have been awarded Fellowships or Lectureships: G. F. Hull, B. A., Fellow in Physics, Toronto University; J. W. O'Dell, B. A., Fellow in Mathematics, Toronto University; R. R. Bensley, B. A., M. B., Lecturer in Biology, Toronto University; J. F. Howard, B. A., Fellow in Physics, Clark University.

## From the Minutes.



WITH this publication of the Vox Lycei another successful year for the H. C. I. Lyceum closes. The meetings throughout the term have been more largely attended than in former years, and the interest in the society more keen than ever.

The elections at the beginning of the year resulted as follows: Mr. W. Mitchell, President; Mr. N. M. Leckie, 1st Vice-President; Mr. G. R. Philip, 2nd Vice-President; Mr. F. W. Gallagher, 3rd Vice-President; Miss B. Kraft, Secretary; Mr. A. L. McCulloch, Treasurer; Executive Committee—Misses Raycroft, McQuarrie, Chrysler and Walker, Messrs. M. D. McKichan, E. Burrow, I. Van Bradt and D. J. Van Bradt; Reporters—Messrs. Cuwan, Miller and New.

Mr. Mitchell's election, however, was protested, and upon the acceptance of his resignation, another presidential election was held, in which Mr. Leckie was the successful candidate. Mr. Chadsey was then elected to fill the vacant office of 1st Vice-President.

Towards the close of the term, Mr. McCulloch resigned his office as Treasurer, as he was leaving school. The Society deeply regretted losing his services, for he was one of the most energetic of the officers. Mr. J. Wilson was then elected Treasurer.

Mr. Roberts and Mr. Twiss were appointed at the beginning of the term Editors of the Vox Lycei, but

being unable to perform their duties the present Editors were appointed.

Discussions which arose in the Lyceum showed the necessity of revising the constitution adopted in 1891. The committee appointed to do this consisted of Messrs. Bale, Eager and Rioch and Misses Upfield and Raycroft.

On March 10th an open meeting was held at which Mr. Alex. Turner presided. The assembly room was very prettily decorated, and the programme was an especially attractive one, consisting of readings, and vocal and instrumental music.

Although few debates have been held this term, there have been many interesting discussions, in which a number of the members took part. These discussions have, perhaps, been more beneficial than debates, since the speeches were impromptu ones. They have at least helped those students that were troubled with bashfulness to overcome that nervousness which is so noticeable in young and inexperienced speakers, and which, in later life, proves such a drawback when speaking before audiences more critical than an assembly of school mates.

During the term several addresses were given by well known speakers, which were very highly appreciated by the students. Rev. Dr. Fraser and Rev. Canon Curran, on different occasions gave excellent advice as to life at college, travelling, etc. Dr. O'Hagan, of Waterdown, lectured on the poet Longfellow. He also recited portions of his best poems with great sympathy and power.

The teachers have been most kindly interested in all the proceedings of the Lyceum. Under the able leadership of Mr. Sykes the Glee Club gave several selections. On different occasions the masters acted as critics and their remarks were always well received. An essay on "Proverbs" was read by Mr. Logan, and as it was characterized by a keen and refined humor, it met with the highest approval of the Lyceum.

It has been the custom to close the meetings for the year by an open meeting, but the committee for the present year decided upon a new departure, which was to hold an "At Home" to friends and ex-students. The date was fixed for April 21st and through the kindness of Mr. Sinclair and the Board of Education the Central School was placed at the disposal of the committee. The decorations were very artistic. Flags, bunting, draperies and plants



1 J. T. Crawford, B. A. 2 Jas. Gill, B. A. 3 A. Patterson, I. A. 4 R. A. Thompson, B. A. 5 W. M. Logan, B. A.  
6 E. S. Hogarth, B. A. 7 W. H. Elliott, Ph. B. 8 O. J. Irwin, M. A. 9 G. L. Johnston. 10 Mrs. M. C. Davidson.  
11 J. B. Turner, B. A. 12 W. J. Sykes, B. A. 13 B. A. Morgan, B. A. 14 L. T. Lockheed, M. A.  
15 H. O. E. Asman, B. A. 16 C. S. Athawes.



**A GROUP OF EX-PRINCIPALS.**

- 1 Chas. Kornblow, M. A.
- 2 J. M. Burcham, M. A.

- 3 Gino Dino, M. A.
- 4 F. S. Chapman, B. A.

quite transformed the bare school rooms and halls. An exceptionally good programme had been prepared, the best talent of the city assisted by Mr. F. W. Wodell, of Rochester, contributing to its success. The exhibition of Mr. Adam Brown's lime-light views of Prairie Land and the Rockies was also a pleasant feature of the evening. Stares' orchestra gave some splendid selections for the promenading, which was perhaps the most appreciated by the students. After refreshments had been served, the young people dispersed, bearing with them pleasant memories of the Lyceum of '93.

We gratefully acknowledge that much of the success of the "At Home" was due to the kind assistance of the patronesses and of the students who so willingly came forward to help in the decorations.

#### THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.

WHAT is probably one of the best works done in the cause of mutual improvement by any organization connected with the Institute may rightly be ascribed to the Mock Parliament. The Lyceum, with its interesting programmes of music, readings, etc., is the great general meeting place of both sexes of students for pleasure and improvement combined; the Debating Club, by its platform addresses does much to broaden the views and instruct the minds of our male students; the Classical and Scientific Societies are valuable auxiliaries to the students pursuing these courses; the Phoeni serve to enliven to some extent the meetings of the Lyceum; but the organization which contains the best speakers, most powerful debaters and enthusiastic members of all, is the Mock Parliament. Not in membership particularly, for its members number only about sixty all told, but every one is there with the intention of being active in the interests of his party. And many here take part who refused offices in the Lyceum, because in the Parliament very little outside work is necessary, and studies are not interfered with.

An example will show how strong the general enthusiasm is. It was the twenty-fourth day of November, 1891, and snow had fallen heavily from 2 p. m., when at 4 o'clock the Opposition (Conservatives) began a desperate effort to put through its second reading, Mr. Bell's C. P. R. Bill. Fierce and furious grew the debate; five o'clock came and then six. The question at half past six had been pretty thoroughly argued, when one Conservative and two

Liberal members arose and took the shortest way to home and supper. The spirits of the Opposition rose. More Reformers might leave. No Conservatives would. The three members who had gone home, having satisfied the inner man, waded back through the snow drifts at a quarter past seven, bringing other absentees with them. What cheers and counter cheers greeted each returning member! But by twenty minutes past eight a division of the House was reached, and the Bill rejected by a Government majority of three.

The Mock Parliament was first inaugurated in September, 1891, and continued until April, 1892. The first Premier was Mr. Wm. Smeaton, who was succeeded by Mr. Geo. S. Bale. During all this time the Reformers held the reins of government, and never did the Conservatives triumph in any important measure. Mr. W. A. Philip ably led the Opposition in the face of all difficulties. A Prohibition Bill, introduced by the Independents, under the leadership of Messrs. E. S. Smith and F. S. Wrinch, was carried by a single vote. The C. P. R. Bill, the Government Postal Bill, and some others of more or less importance, were lost. Mr. Wm. Taylor was first Speaker of the House, being followed in turn by Mr. J. A. Inkster and Mr. W. H. Schofield.

The Parliament re-opened in February this year with Mr. H. O. Asman as Speaker of the House, and a more efficient officer it would have been impossible to find. The same cannot be said of Sergeant-at-Arms B. D. Dean, who resigned unexpectedly, being, we think, rather awed by the splendor of the mace. Mr. H. J. Millen however, was, after some persuasion, induced to undertake this duty, and succeeded so well that it would be impossible to determine whether he is greatest as Poet, Sergeant-at-Arms or Football player.

The Government started with its customary healthy majority, and Mr. John Riach became first Minister of the Crown. Mr. W. A. Philip still continued as leader of the Opposition, and with undaunted vigor, collected his followers around him again. About the beginning of April two surprises came at once upon the House. Mr. Philip left the city and the Reform Ministry resigned. A Conservative Government now arose with Mr. Chas. W. Bell as Premier, and has since that time continued to hold office, passing what measures it wished with good solid majorities. The new Government at once adopted a policy founded mainly on Protection, but

realizing that there are difficulties and injustices caused by the undeviating application of such a principle, made many allowances for farmers and the working classes in general. The country has already begun to feel the beneficial effects of such measures.

Around the beautiful city of Hamilton (the constituency of the new Premier) are hovering three radial electric railroads, the same number of smelting works establishments, and the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railroad which was to have been built in order to accommodate the great exodus to the city

young athletes, an association such as this fills a very important position. This society controls all the athletic clubs in the school—foot ball and base ball—and under the management of its earnest and capable officers continues to enjoy the greatest success.

Last autumn, upon reorganization for the term, Mr. J. T. Crawford, the popular President of the previous team, was unanimously re-elected, Mr. A. L. McCulloch was elected Secretary-Treasurer, and Mr. Hugh J. Millen captain of the foot ball team.



OLD CENTRAL SCHOOL.

of Inspector De Barry, has sunk into oblivion. In fact even the Liberal members so far admit the improved state of the country as to talk about petitioning for an increased sessional indemnity when the House is convened next year.

#### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

THE Athletic Association of the Institute is now entering upon its third year and its work of keeping up the interest in athletic sports in connection with the school has been well done. In such institutions as the Collegiate where there are large numbers of

Several foot ball matches were played with local clubs and in all but one of these the Collegiate team was successful, the only defeat being at the hands of the Y. M. C. A. club.

The foot ball team for this year gives promise of being one of the most successful ever organized in the school. The first match this season was with the Y. M. C. A. Club, which was vanquished by a score of 1 goal to 0. A game was next played with the Canada Business College which resulted in a draw. The Waterdown High School club, which had been carrying everything before it, next issued a

challenge to the Collegiate, which was promptly accepted. The game was won easily by our boys who made 8 goals while their opponents failed to score. This match will be returned by the Water down club at an early date, and matches are being arranged with other teams which will doubtless bring increased glory to the club. The players were as follows: Goal—W. J. Sykes; Full Backs—Arthur Manning, J. B. Twiss; Half Backs—Ralph Burns, R. Mullin, S. B. Chadsey; Forwards—Harry Lyle,

out-door sports. It is to be hoped that larger numbers will see the usefulness of this society and take advantage of the opportunity here afforded to develop themselves physically, and there is no doubt that such development will enable them to pursue their studies with greater ease. We can only express the hope that the greatest success may attend this society and that its record of the past may be even eclipsed by its successes in the future.

The officers of the Association this year are: Mr.



#### NEW CENTRAL SCHOOL.

F. Manning, W. M. Logan, R. Southam, H. J. Millen (Captain); spare men—John Petit, W. French.

The Base Ball team has done no active work yet but practice will start when the warm weather sets in. Under Mr. Frank Manning's able management the club will surely keep up the reputation made by our base ball teams of the past.

The invigorating exercise which this association provides for its members cannot fail to be of great benefit to those students who take part in the various

J. T. Crawford, President; Mr. Jas. B. Twiss, Vice-President; Mr. Robt. Mullin, Secretary-Treasurer; Mr. Hugh F. Millen, Captain Football Team; Mr. Frank Manning, Captain Baseball Team.

#### OUR GLEE CLUB.

It was somewhat late in the season when the Lyceum Glee Club was formally organized for 1893. At a meeting of the members Mr. Sykes was chosen leader and Mr. J. Wilson pianist. A number of

music books were ordered and regular practice was begun. The movement spread. Those who came to scoff remained to sing, and soon the club had a large active membership. At its first appearance before the Lyceum a kind of pledge of future services was given, as the song chosen was a health "to our next merry meeting." This pledge was but poorly carried out as the club sang before the society but few times during the term.

A few hints for next year's work gathered from the past term's experience would not be out of place. We should advise the Glee Club to organize during the fall term—say October or November; then with steady practice it would be in a position to appear oftener before the Lyceum and to do better work when it does appear. There is excellent material in the club, and another year, beside chorus singing, a number of quartettes, trios and duets might well be attempted. There is no part of the school life that yields more pleasant memories than the hours spent in Glee Club work. The relaxation that such work affords and the refining influence of it might be spoken of in an article in defense of singing in our Collegiates. But we are not writing such an article and so forbear. Taken all in all we may say that the Glee Club has had a fairly successful season and that the prospects for another year are bright.

#### THE CLASSICAL CLUB.

CLASSICAL students of the upper forms have certainly no reason to grumble for want of work in their optional department. Those of the Honor Matriculation and Senior Leaving forms particularly, find that it takes all their time to get through the grammar and the authors prescribed in the curriculum. Yet it is expected by the Educational Department, and very reasonably too, that those students shall have a fairly extensive knowledge of ancient history and classical lore. He would be a queer fellow indeed, who boasted his classical knowledge and yet could not tell something about the Muses or the Fates, or about the gods and goddesses of ancient Greece and Rome; or who knew nothing about the beautiful classical mythology, and was ignorant of the social and political life of the Greeks and Romans.

Early in the spring term some of the students of the Senior Leaving form organized a society called the Classical Club, and invited all the classical students from the Third Form upwards to become members,

with the object of increasing their classical knowledge in the subjects already hinted at. The meetings were held every Thursday after school, were well attended, and usually lasted about an hour and a half. The time was taken up by the reading of either two or three papers and by discussions upon them. The subjects proved to be most interesting and the meetings were times of pleasure and profit. Much practical good resulted from them, and the students of next term will find it to their advantage to continue the society. Its organizers hope it will become a permanent institution in the school. The officers this year were; Mr. Logan, Hon. President; Wm. Smeaton, President; N. DeWitt, Vice-President; G. A. Ferguson, Secretary-Treasurer.

#### THE SCIENCE CLUB.

ABOUT a month before Easter a number of the scientifically inclined youths of the school met together and organized a Science Club with Mr. Roberts as President and Mr. Twiss as Secretary. The object of the Club is to discuss the subjects in science which come up in the ordinary school work. The meetings were inaugurated by a paper on the Dynamics of Fluids, by Mr. Taylor, and following this came papers on Structural Botany, by Mr. Roberts; the elements Nitrogen, Phosphorus, Arsenic, Antimony and Bismuth, by Mr. Jones; the Electric Dynamo and Motor, by Mr. Mitchell; and Theoretical Chemistry, by Mr. Chadsey.

Each paper was followed by animated discussions in the course of which many points were brought up and analyzed. "The society has been a decided success" is the verdict of its members.

#### THE PHœNI GANG.

AND last, but by no means least among the societies is the Phœni. What it is formed for none can tell, but whatever it doeth, it doeth well. Who are its officers no one has found; its meetings are held down under the ground, in the cellar, the basement, where rodents do roam—anywhere, far away from the maddening foam on the sea of the Principal's ire when he learns that some new kind of fuel in the furnaces burns, with an odor so sickening, even Millen turns pale, and attempts to describe it in poetry fail. Nevertheless, the Phœni is a prosperous society.

## The Tramp.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

 **I**N dealing with an as yet unsolved problem there are several ways of setting at work. One of them, which I intend to pursue, is to adopt first a definition, proceed to a careful analysis of this, and, perhaps, by a careful consideration of the various constituents of the definition and the rejection of the unsuitable terms, some definite idea may at length be arrived at of the mysterious and ubiquitous animal which modern nomenclature has designated by the name of "tramp."

The word, in the meaning we would assign to it, has no place in the dictionary; our curiosity can not be satisfied from that source, and hence, when we do arrive at an idea of what constitutes the essentials of a "tramp"—what a tramp is, what a tramp must be, and what a tramp can not be—we shall have achieved a personal victory and settled the meaning of one of that class of words which are unfortunately creeping in too great numbers into our language.

The word bears its derivation on its face; no one will dispute, except for a caviling purpose, that the noun "tramp," as we use it, is derived from the verb "tramp." Some irreverent, giddy and thoughtless ones might suggest, with sneering insinuation, that it may be derived from the word "tram," as found in "tramway," "tram-car," possibly in the notion that the "tramp" enjoys most of his rides on these convenient, if vulgar, vehicles. Some, too, say that there is an apparent connection with the word "cramp," by a change of consonant familiar to the philologist, and that such a derivation is peculiarly applicable from the general affliction, popularly known as the "cramps," which all of our specified race suffer from,—when any work is to be done.

A more plausible theory is the one deriving the word from the Latin "traho," to draw—probably on the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, from the fact that a tramp is never known to draw anything, except perhaps a check for a gratuitous meal, or when he takes a long draught of some convenient and heart-cheering fluid that is to him costless. Of course, in this respect, we would not separate him entirely from the rest of mankind. One thing he does draw, to be sure—his breath.

I think, though, that any person with a just perception of what is equitable and right will agree that the best derivation is the one I gave first, from the verb "to tramp," although, if reasons were required, a puzzled feeling would surely possess us to explain the special applicability of this etymology. For he does not "tramp." Far from it "Tramp," according to Worcester, means to tread heavily, to walk, to stroll about, to put down the feet heavily. Now, as keen observers of all that goes on around us, as keen hearers of all that is to be heard, as keen rememberers of all that is worth remembering, let us ask ourselves—does a tramp do this? Does he "tread heavily, walk, stroll about, etc.?" Does a tramp, in fine, tramp according to Worcester? We know he does not. A tramp never tramps. He slouches; most emphatically and undeniably slouches. That is the only word which can express his manner of progression, when he is moving at all; for his natural state, indeed, seems to be one of rest. Never is a tramp so contented, never is a tramp so happy, never is a tramp more at peace with himself and all the world than when lying in a delicious somnolent state on the shady side of some soft haystack, dreaming of no one knows what, and only exerting himself so far as occasionally to insert his front teeth in some sweet morsel procured at the adjacent farm house.

And after his surfeit of pie he can lie down and sleep. Think of that, ye civilized! Think of that, sufferers from indigestion after your Christmas gorge. He sleeps. Why, sleep is no name for it; he is absolutely steeped in unconsciousness, and he never dreams. Why? Well, for one reason, he has not anything to dream about. What care has he to trouble and rob his healthful rest? What pleasure so sweet has he that the memory should rouse him from his torpor? He sleeps and he cannot be wakened—by any ordinary means. One thing will awake a tramp; let us whisper it—a bulldog. That is all—just a bulldog, an ordinary, full-grown, well-developed bulldog, with a full set of upper and lower teeth and a tendency to use them.

But we digress. Let it be understood, then, that the subject of our paper gets his name from the verb "to tramp," and having named him, let us take the next step and describe him.

Just here, let me appeal to your memory, for words must fail. Have you never in the hot, dusty afternoon of long summer's day, or the calm, cool

beauty of a summer's evening, seen him slouching along the road towards you, head down, feet dragging, hat drooping over his brows, collar turned up to his chin (presumably to hide certain deficiencies in the garments necessary to the victim of civilization), hoots that never came off the last and that have not seen blacking for so long that a brick would look pale beside them, while numerous holes attest the owner's yearning desire for free ventilation? Oh, you must remember him as he dragged sullenly past you, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and making no response to your pleasant greeting.

Let us watch him as he goes along with that peculiar gait of his that defies imitation, and is the property of the bona-fide tramp alone. Look at his hat! Oh, what a hat! The old, greasy, battered and torn fragment of cloth that goes under the name of his hat is surely not a day less than a hundred years old. But look at it. Examine it carefully. Not often will you see an article put to more uses than that same old hat. Like Goldsmith's *hed*,

"This hat contrives a double debt to pay,  
Pillow by night; a dinner pail by day."

Many the apple from some farmer's orchard has travelled in that hat; many the morsel of pie and cake has been stowed away in this impromptu gripsack. What a wealth to a tramp is his hat. There are millions in it!

We come to his collar. Here I might refer to the well known chapter in the old history of Iceland, which treats of the snakes of that island. It begins as follows: "Chapter xxiv.—The Snakes of Iceland—(1) There are no snakes in Iceland." That is what is the matter with his collar. There is none.

His coat, like Joseph's, is of many colors, every hue of the rainbow being present in some degree, except the original shade; that passed away long ago. The coat's first owner has long been gathered to his fathers; he died long, long ago, ere even that beautiful song, "My Grandfather's Clock," was written. Yes, its first owner is dead and gone but the coat goeth on still; it is performing a good and great work; like charity, it covereth a multitude of sins. It hangs buttonless, and is very like a guinea pig in that it has no perceptible tail. Pockets it lacks; the corroding and destructive influence of cold victuals has long ago made sad havoc of the lining, and the hat has taken the place of pockets as a means of conveyance.

His nether garments (of which the less said perhaps the better) came over to America in the May-

flower. They are made of tweed, shoddy, linen, cotton, wool, red flannel, sackcloth and ashes, with a liberal allowance of grease and live stock. His trousers, like the tramp himself, have no visible means of support.

His boots we have noticed already. They are called boots by courtesy; they are not boots, neither are they shoes; they are merely several well-developed cracks with a little sun-dried leather around them, that is all.

And, now that we have inspected our tramp, let him go along occupied in his silent meditations. Be never mistaken or misled by pretenders. Let no man with a story of his being far away from home and friends, gull you into half-a-dollar's charity. He is no tramp. A tramp never had a friend in the world. Let no man deceive you with his story of good education and wealthy parentage. He is no tramp. No tramp was ever educated, no tramp ever could read, no tramp understands even his own language. Ask him to spell "work."

A tramp is never anything but a tramp. He never has and never had a cent; he has neither kith nor kin in all the world; he eats all he can and drinks all he can, and asks for more. He considers it his due to be fed at the public expense. He exists only in the summer, and doubtless hibernates, for who ever saw a tramp in winter? He never washes himself.

Can you tell a tramp now, think you? For my task is done. Is the problem solved? W. M. L.

### To a Violet.



SWEET violet, thou little flower,  
Thou lov'st to haunt the woodland bower;

Emblem of lowliness and peace,

My praise of thee shall never cease.

Thou art so tender and so frail,

The loveliest flower in all the vale.

Beneath the cool and shady trees

Thy perfume waft upon the breeze.

The snosbine, creeping in the dell,

Kisses the dew drop in thy hell;

Soon comes the busy bumble bee

And sweetest nectar sips from thee.

But, little violet, now good-bye.

I say it not without a sigh:

Nay, thou shalt never be forgot,

Thon, nor this sweetly quiet spot.—A. S. W.

“Westward the Course of Empire Takes its Way.”

**T**HE general tendency of all nations has been westward. From the centre of Asia have come successive waves

of immigration into Europe. The Celts came first. They drove before them still more ancient peoples. The Romans and the Greeks had drifted into Italy and Greece about this time and developed their civilizations. The Teutons succeeded the Celts, Greeks and Romans. The Slavs followed the Teutons. The Slavs have in turn been followed by Mongolians, Tartars, Turks, etc. With each of these has been a time when it moved forward irresistibly, until it reached the shores of the Atlantic, to be checked and perhaps wiped out by the wave following.

The facts briefly mentioned in the preceding paragraph afford food for thought. It seems to indicate a general movement towards the sunset lands on the part of all the great conquering peoples. We know that when the Roman state came into existence it was forced to contend with a powerful and civilized people, the Etruscans. Latest researches have defi-

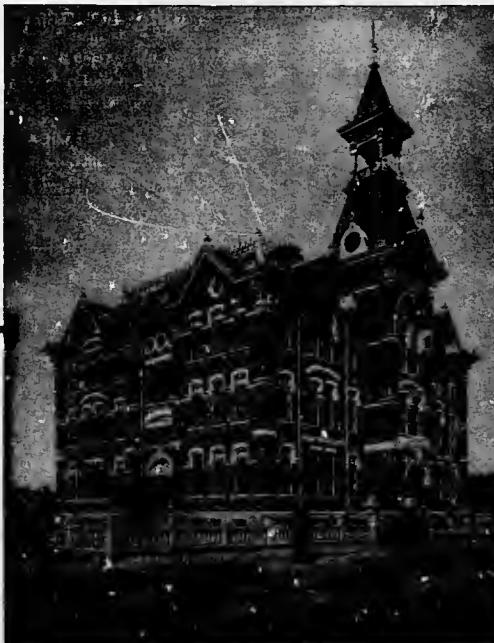
nitely settled that this people was non-Aryan, but probably Hamitic. It is suggested that the fairly civilized people of Spain were also Hamitic. We are also told that the Hamitic peoples are represented by the Egyptians and other races on the north coast of Africa. The distribution of races of the Hamitic group would tend to show that they radiated westward along the shores of the Mediterranean.

Is it necessary to speak of the Semitic nations of Asia minor; of the westward sweep of the Semites from Tyre; the foundation of Carthage; the wanderings of Aeneas and his Trojans; to show that the Semites were influenced by the same impulse to follow the setting sun?

From the above statements it may easily be seen that all nations seem to be imbued with a desire to “move westward, ever westward.”

In days of cyclops and water nymphs, and of gods and goddesses who sometimes visited the earth and assumed the guise of men and women, the Atlantic formed the shore on which the successive

waves of immigration were stayed, and up to the time of Columbus, the desire to move to westward was checked, but not altogether stopped. The Norse lovers of freedom, driven from Scandinavia, discovered Iceland. Eric the Red, driven from Iceland for murder was drawn irresistibly towards the setting sun and discovered Greenland. Vessels



QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL.

under Thorfinn, the Accomplished, are said to have sailed past Greenland and discovered America five hundred years before Columbus.

Columbus himself, visiting Iceland, inspected the documents relating to the different voyages made by the Vikings to America, and, satisfied with their contents, set sail westward, and following in his track flowed an immense tidal wave of Celts, Teutons, Iberians.

So much for the general westward tendency of the nations. We shall now follow the intellectual empire

Egypt undoubtedly had the most ancient civilization. She had a national literature and a national history when Assyria, Greece and Rome were peopled by wandering savages, happy if perchance they had a cave for shelter at night.

Gradually the torch of civilization began to blaze in Chaldea. As the flame grew in strength it spread and soon reached the shores of the Great Sea. It spread westward along both shores, founding cities and empires, Carthage among the number.

In its growth it necessarily came in contact with Egypt, and one people, the Phoenicians—in whom the roving tendency was very strong, making them a commercial people—took from Egypt the greatest boon that could have been conferred on mankind—the Phoenetic alphabet.

The Greeks were now rising into prominence and the older nations in Asia Minor were succumbing to the Persians. The Greeks took the phoenetic alphabet, added to it, and gave origin to that intellectual life which pulsates to-day with mightier throbs than could ever have been conceived of by themselves—I mean liberty and education of the masses. The liberty-loving Athenians, in their overthrow of the Persian empire, saved the liberty of the world when they saved their own. They have inaugurated the education of the masses by their philosophic dialogues in the free theatres.

But Greece succumbed to Rome, which has bequeathed to the modern world all its constitution and laws. The Romans were in turn conquered, but the stern determination and the love of liberty which characterized the ancient Roman has had its effect on all the nations with which he came in contact. Rome was conquered and on her ruins grew France, Italy, Austria, Spain and the more southern principalities of Germany, as well as Celtic Britain.

The Britons were blotted out by the Anglo-Saxons, who were in turn conquered by the Normans, and these two intermixed in a short time.

At every westward step, the torch of civilization became brighter and brighter, or rather newer and more brilliant ones were lighted from the ones before, but such intervals have elapsed in some cases that the older torches have been extinguished long before the last one was lighted in England.

To drop the figure here, civilization has reached higher and higher levels, until to-day England is at the zenith of her glory.

But let us go back a bit. The Norse who left Scandinavia and reached Iceland planted a civilization and a nationality there that deserves mention. A government strictly republican was founded. Learning flourished, and whilst Europe was passing through the trials of the middle ages, Iceland was serenely waiting until she should send back her learning and assist in the general uplifting of Europe after she had passed through the ordeal.

Crossing the Atlantic in the wake of the Pinta the Puritans founded the New England States, and also Canada.

If we are to derive any lessons from the past, it is on America that the highest development of art, literature, etc., shall be attained. Who knows when the zenith shall be reached? Who knows where the westward impulse will stop? Maybe it will cross the Pacific as it has crossed the Atlantic, and sweep over craggy Asia and rugged Europe like a gigantic slow-moving tidal-wave. Who knows? Already Japan has taken lessons from America in all the arts and sciences of civilization. Already the vanguard of the westward moving Aryan has reached the centre of the Pacific and is scouting on the shores of Asia.

W. M. M.

WHILE our readers have no doubt been deeply interested in the reading matter in these pages, we feel sure that the illustrations have met with no small amount of kindly scrutiny. The full page plates are the work of a Hamilton man—Laidlaw, King St. West. The photos from which they were made are from the well known artists, Cochran and Lynde. The half-tone school and scenery cuts are reproductions, kindly loaned by the Spectator Printing Company, and the sketch of Chairman Hoodless is reproduced through the kindness of the Herald Printing Company. The plates of a few of the city schools are faithful representations, and cannot but be admired. The scenery plates represent views in the immediate vicinity of the city.



**LYCEUM OFFICERS.**

1 J. H. Wilson. 2 Bertha M. Kraft. 3 N. M. Leckie. 4 Jessie Upfield. 5 J. E. Wodell.  
6 Maud Chrysler. 7 S. B. Chadsay. 8 D. J. VanBradt. 9 Lillian Raycroft. 11 E. Burrow. 12 M. McKichan.  
13 F. W. Gallagher. 14 A. L. McCulloch. 15 G. L. Philip. 16 J. VanBradt. 17 Beatrice Walker.



FOOTBALL CLUB

R. H. Muller	—	—	J. E. Twiss
F. Manning	—	—	W. J. Sykes
S. V. Charles	—	—	R. Horne

L. H. M. Lyle.  
E. S. Bogart.  
A. Manning.

## Her Declaration of Independence.



WAS sitting alone in the college library, gazing at the fire, and faint thoughts of rebellion were rising within me. The shelves rose on every side laden with books, but it was not with the consequential volumes of treatise and history I was voluntarily concerned. I knew of some shelves behind those faded moreen curtains in the corner, where my thoughts were now, instead of on the book in my hand. Those shelves, where dwelt my dearest friends —Ali Baba, The Princess, Vivian Grey, Cleopatra, Tancred, and all the rest—with whom I spent all my time, before, alas! I embodied a theory of Malcolm's. Malcolm is my brother, very clever, I believe, and a fellow of whom the president speaks as "a young man who will make his mark in the world, sir." People always said he has a great deal of character, but the phase of his character I know best is his fondness of theories.

When I was little I hated all system. I loved romances, and intended to make myself famous by writing one some day—romances in which the heroine's ears were never offended by that obnoxious proverb, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." My first attempt at literature was so successful that I thought I should at least rival George Eliot. Instead of giving my whole attention to the momentous question contained in the first lesson of the "First Book," "Is it an ox?" and learning that "It is an ox," I concentrated all my energies on learning by rote the legend in the letters of the word "preface"—a legend that has been handed down from one generation of school children to another—"Peter Ross eats fish and catches eels," and then backwards, "Eels catches allegators, father eats raw potators." When I had mastered these I diligently searched the First Book for words beginning with the proper letters, to compose a sentence of my own, and with this result, "Pigs run ere fixes and cod ecls." My name was made, and my sentence ousted the ancient Peter Ross for a time. To be sure, nobody knew what "cod-ecls" were, but that lent a delightful air of mystery to it.

But, and oh! that but, Malcolm had theories. One

of his pets was, that, by strength of will alone, a man could force his character into entirely opposite grooves to those in which his Creator intended it should run. In exemplification of this he intended to make of me, who had never done an hour's systematic study, and who hated mathematics with an intense loathing, he intended to make of me a mathematician. Not only this, but he added the condition that I must give up my confabs with my beloved friends in the corner of the library as they tended to unsettle my mind. O, mathematics how you have brought out and concentrated all the evil in me. If all the heavy calibre adjectives of every known tongue were compressed into one word, how I would hurl it with joy at your hard head. How often I have wished Euclid had never been born, and rejoiced that Archimedes was murdered before he had sprung another problem on the long suffering world.

Now had I not great cause for rebellion? On this winter evening, sitting before the library fire, and the fat mathematical volume I had been studying on its face on the hearth, my thoughts of mutiny grew stronger and stronger. Suddenly the door opened and I saw a familiar company coming in. I quailed when I saw "The Princess" at their head. Behind her walked Cleopatra and Fair Rosamond, the former doing her best to fascinate Ali Baba and all the Forty Thieves, Di Vernon was trying to flee from the Ancient Mariner, who was boring her with an account of his voyage, while the Wedding Guest looked radiant that he had escaped. These I noticed particularly, but as more and more poured into the room I lost all trace of individuals.

When they had all crowded in, I saw every eye was fixed on me in scorn, although some looked a little soft for old friendship's sake. The silence was becoming embarrassing when "The Princess" spoke.

"I do not need to introduce this company to you," she said "for I see you recognize your deserted friends, Oickle maid. We have formed ourselves into a company, with myself as chairwoman, and Cleopatra and Fair Rosamond as examining committee, to inquire into the cause of your desertion." "The Princess" stopped, and thereupon arose such a babel of tongues that not a word could be distinguished. "Silence!" screamed "The Princess," "give her a chance to speak for herself." When the hubbub had subsided, I began weakly, "My brother ——" "Get up on the table so we can all see you,"

cried Hypatia, from the edge of the crowd. Doing as I was bid, I began again, "My brother——."

Here Cleopatra turned up her nose. "A mere man; give him to me to manage," she said, with a glance which brought Marmion and Hiawatha to her side. Fair Rosamond, looking up, said spitefully, "Oh, yes, we all know how well you managed Octavius." At which Cleopatra subsided. Angrily, I began again, "My brother is making a mathematician of me, and I——" Here the pitying and incredulous smiles became a ripple of laughter, but the chairwoman said encouragingly, "Never mind, I know what brothers are. But, girl, sit down, you cannot speak before an audience. I will settle this matter. We,"

my emancipation, and as I signed a cheer rose from the company.

"Who is that?" "The Princess" asked, before I had the last letters down, and footsteps were heard hurrying down the corridor. "It's Malcolm," said I, eagerly; "won't you wait to see——" "No, no," she said, "we must leave you now. Tancred, open that French window." As they filed out quickly, Cleopatra managed to say, maliciously, "You'll give in." "Never," I replied, heroically.

When the door opened and Malcolm appeared with a book in his hand that might be twin brother to the neglected one at my feet, my courage oozed, and I said, in a meek voice, "Malcolm, I—I've



DESJARDIN'S CANAL.

grandly, "have drawn up a document which you will sign, and which will put an end to this misunderstanding. Here is the paper," she said, putting it into my hand. "You need not read it; people never read the papers they sign." Nevertheless this is what I read:

"I, Isabel McLean, spinster, do hereby declare that henceforth and forever I cease the studies I have lately been pursuing, and I solemnly promise to resume and faithfully continue my earlier studies, under the supervision of my gracious patroness, 'The Princess.'"

A sort of fearful joy filled me when I thought of

decided not to study any more——" "Oh, that is just like a girl," he said; "that last treatise was beyond you. I have another here, but if you could not manage that, this one will be too much for you." "Give it to me," said I, "of course I can manage it." Malcolm handed it to me, and since then I have often wondered why he smiled that most peculiar smile as he handed me the book.

SUSIE G.

WITHOUT advertisements it would be impossible to publish the Vox. Advertising pays in proportion as readers patronize advertisers. By patronizing our advertisers you will help us. Do you see the point?

*Mens Molem Agitat.*

THE mind moves the mass. All things have bowed to the will of man from the time of his creation. Nature, both animate and inanimate, is under his control. All the treasures of the earth and the forces of nature have been placed at his service, and yet—"There

Still, even in this lordly race excellence is comparative. Some men are born to rule. Others consent cheerfully to serve when they feel that their trust is not misplaced and their service is appreciated. Are such men to be despised and scornfully looked upon as a great brainless throng—a body without head? They bow before a power greater than their own and often play their humble part with more credit to themselves than do those whose powers and responsibilities are infinitely greater. Let that great man who, while making the best possible use of his ability,



ALBION MILLS RAVINE, NEAR HAMILTON.

are stronger arms, there are swifter limbs, there are more powerful teeth, there are finer ears, there are sharper eyes. There are creatures which go where he cannot go, and can live where he would die. But all his members are co-ordinated with one power—the power of thought. Through this he has the dominion over all other created things."

has lived a pure and noble life speak in a lordly style of "the mass,"—if he see fit!

This "mass," as popularly defined, is the great, restless, ignorant multitude, ruled by its feelings alone. Such indeed was "the mass" of the dark ages, but it is through the pages of history alone that we, who live upon the borders of the twentieth

century, have made the acquaintance of this "many-headed monster thing." True, intense excitement can wring from "the mass" of to-day indications of its ancient, wilful temper, but these very outbursts, by their feebleness and short duration, serve to show the great change for the better which has taken place in this body, at once the tool and terror of all past generations.

To two things this change is chiefly due—the reign of peace throughout the earth and the consequent growth of general intelligence. Now that the war-field is either dead or sleeping, man is outgrowing those animal instincts which prompted him to work his will by the strength of his arm. Education is becoming general and everyone now thinks, however feebly for himself. "The mass" no longer needs to resort to brute force. It makes use of its brains and tongue instead of its clenched fists. No sophist can lead it blindly astray, for its eyes are now open and it can distinguish the false from the true.

The people have become a mighty power, but even yet talents are unequally distributed. Some men come and go and are hardly noticed, while others leave their impress upon the race. The means by which these moving spirits may communicate with the great body of the people are becoming yearly more numerous and more effective. In the olden times, the great leaders of men had to come into personal contact with those whom they wished to influence. It was the commanding presence as well as the burning words which incited the mobs of old to their deeds of violence and led great armies to victory. Philosophers gathered around themselves small circles of disciples and taught with their own lips.

Influence of this kind could be, at best, but narrow. A man, however great, was seldom known outside his own nation. The power of communication might still be limited had not the art of printing, aided by the friendly intercourse between nations, broken down all barriers of time and space. The philosophy of Socrates has made a deeper impression upon this generation than it made on his own. There is hardly a corner of the earth where the name of Gladstone is not known. A great man, now, can move the *world*. No nation can monopolize his influence.

But yet are the people more easily moved now than in former times? The great man of to-day cannot work so readily, as did his brother of the seven-

teenth century, upon the feelings of the people, for they have learned to control their emotions. The superstitious element cannot be called forth to his aid, for it has almost ceased to exist. His only resource is to appeal to the common sense of the people. His arguments must bear close inspection, for they are examined by every man at his own fireside. "The mass" can no longer be moved as a mass. Each member must be won separately. This much, however, we may safely say—an impression once made upon this body of rational beings, is not easily obliterated.

In this nineteenth century, external power cannot be brought to bear upon men, personal attractions count for little, and even eloquence, when subjected to the stern, prosaic test of common sense, loses much of its inflaming power. Now, in fact, as never before, it is the *mind* which moves the mass. M. S. F.

[Mens Molem Agitat is the Lyceum motto. A perusal of the above essay will well repay every Lyceum member. The essayist has dealt with the subject in a thoughtful, thorough manner; points have been clearly stated and most practical conclusions drawn.—ED.]

### My Blessings.



THE sunbeams stream upo my way  
They fill my heart with light,  
But if perchance a shadow grey  
Across my sunlit pathway stray,  
I sigh as if 'twere night.

The roses bloom along my way,  
Nestling in leafy bed;  
But if when 'mong them glad I play,  
One thorn appears 'mid blossoms gay,  
Then is my joy all fled.

My path may shaded be some day,  
The sunbeams few and far;  
Then Heaven give me grace to pray  
All through my dark and lonely way,  
And bless my guiding star.

But oh! that I would thankful be,  
For every little flower;  
Could but mine eyes thy purpose see,  
How grateful would I be to Thee,  
And praise Thee hour by hour.

My trials but draw me to that land  
When here my race is run,  
And when I stand upon that strand  
I'll sound the praises of the Hand  
That gave my shade and sun. — A. S. W.

## The Power of Precise Expression.



**I**N endeavoring to execute the honorable task of writing for the Vox Lycei the writer found himself much perplexed in choosing a suitable subject, but he hopes the few cursory thoughts, on this particular branch of the noble art of expression, here following, will not be unprofitable if not very interesting.

We moderns are so preoccupied with our worldly schemes and social pleasures that we look frowningly on innovations that demand time for sober culture without holding out to us the reward of immediate and certain benefit. And it is right that this should be so, for when we deduct the time consumed in earning life's necessities, fulfilling our social duties, cultivating our morals and regaling our physical natures, from the total time at our disposal, an amazingly small portion remains available for intellectual culture. So that it comes to be not merely judicious but necessary, if we would not let our time go to waste, for us to narrowly enquire of every new factor that enters the field to claim our attention, what are the practical results for good it promises. On the threshold of this subject we may therefore appropriately ask, "What are the practical benefits to be derived from spending extra time and extra energy in trying to develop in ourselves a greater accuracy in the choice of our words? We must be like prudent buyers who consider well the purchase in relation to the weight of their purse. The treasury of our life is filled with precious hours; hours that if once misspent can never be redeemed, and it behoves us to see to it that no specious pretender worms himself into our confidence and spirits away our priceless jewels of time.

That precise expression is a power to writers and public speakers is very obvious, but it is not so clear that any particular power accrues to the humble individual whose thoughts gain their greatest publicity in



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the ordinary every-day round of colloquial discourse. Examining the inherent character of power, we find it in nature to be the ability to effect results; hence also in intellect it is the ability to influence the minds of others, so that they will act in some desired way. Did others consider a subject from the same intellectual angle with ourselves, they certainly would require no persuasion to act as we should think proper. So if we can make others view a subject exactly from our standpoint, they must needs apply the same expedient as ourselves. But then it may be submitted that others, from the very texture of their character, differing as it does from our own, could not see as we see. Be that as it may, it must yet be allowed that the nearer they are brought into our plane of vision the more nearly are they persuaded to act as we would. Consequently the more closely and precisely we express our thoughts, the more nearly will our friends' perception of the subject approximate ours, till at length we find ourselves exercising that most pleasing of all powers, the power of persuasion. There is a most enviable power that some few people exert in society, which takes its rise merely from a careful regard for the exact value of words. Sometimes it is our good fortune to fall in with persons who can frame their thoughts in such refined, clear and striking words that our attention is pleasantly arrested, and we give heed to the speaker's opinions with no small degree of deference. Such a person surely yields a sceptre with a power that is second only to his grace. Yet the secret of his success is the high standard of the quality of his speech, in the uniting cultivation of which he has himself imbued much of the high ideality of his study.

But in the cultivation of precise expression, perhaps the greatest gains in power will be made indirectly. This exactitude in the selection of words will cause us to look for the same quality in others. The greatest poets and masters of prose have been those who could best "hold the mirror up to nature." These great men, whom fame has given an ideal sovereignty, have written works whose intelligent perusal must broaden and deepen the intellectual perception of every reader. But how can we assume to

understand these masters if we do not acknowledge ourselves humble and industrious students in the high art which has raised them so high above poor humanity. Then again, practice leads to perfection. A growing perfection in one quality must needs raise the general standard, else men would grow wise in one subject and remain stupid in another. Practice however demands time and opportunity. But what practice, since we are constantly expressing our ideas, could be more easily or pleasantly applied than that of carefully choosing the words which communicate those ideas?

How great then are the incentives that urge young students who are moulding their characters from high ideals, to recognize and accept this simple means whereby they may at once discipline their minds and immediately experience gratifying results from all honest effort! We have seen that precise expression yields power to him who desires to make people view circumstances from his particular standpoint; then how invaluable to the lawyer, statesman and divine! The potency of refined, elegant and captivating speech springs from a careful cultivation of exact modes of expression. Yet who would hesitate to bestow the care necessary to acquire this "potency" when it bestows a power so graceful, that others are pleased to acknowledge it? To appreciate or even tolerably understand our great writers to whose grand thoughts we are the fortunate, but too often careless heirs, we must ourselves know the relish of true and perfect word-setting.

Having thus briefly enlarged on a very few of the advantages of this art, we may now turn our attention to the means by which we may facilitate its development. Practice is of course necessary, but we must have some criterion with which to compare our private efforts. This comparison can be profitably made by contrasting, for it will likely be such at first, our best translation of some Latin or Greek poetry with that of our scholarly English poets. To regularly peruse the pages of our best writers and to memorize their more brilliant passages cultivates in ourselves a standard of judgment that is in itself invaluable. The study of Latin gives us a subtle understanding of our language, and makes us prize the more highly, although we are able to dissect them, those delicate shades of meaning that phrases enriched by long custom, assume. And finally the use of the pen is not the least considerable means whereby we

may improve this practice of precise expression; for as our written language is more select than our spoken, the latter must improve if we mould most of our thoughts by the former.

Many more observations might be made on this fertile theme, but we trust enough has been said to convince the liberal minded that the judicious choice of words not only adds grace and beauty to our individual characters, but may become a means whereby human perfection may be raised a notch higher and the social ideality of our race advanced one step farther towards that golden goal. Wm. A. PHILP.

Buffalo. May 24, 1892.

### The Rise of Poetry.



I HEARD a voice! It said to me,  
"The withered cause of poesy  
Is soon to rise once more.  
A champion of the art shall be,  
Whose songs shall sing of liberty,  
Echoing from shore to shore."

Joyful I heard the voice proclaim  
That one would rise, of mighty fame,  
That art to raise again.  
It thrilled me with sensations sweet,  
That yet I might a poet greet,  
Famed for his flashing pen.

And then I listened for the name  
Of such a poet, who a flame  
Of poetry inspired  
Would kindle in our native land;  
Here in our country loved would stand,  
By nature's beauties fired.

And then it came - a name well known  
In poetry's bright realm;  
A famous name for kindness, truth,  
For all the love of glowing youth -  
The mighty name of Millen.

Rejoice, O nature! Breathe again  
From his deep soul-refreshing strain  
A balm for all thy tears.  
Breathe life anew from his sweet lays  
Of pleasing thought for future days,  
Of calm for future years.

When you have turned over a couple more pages you will find yourself in one of the best portions of the Vox - its advertising pages. Don't stop when you come to these pages. They contain readable reading matter.

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IT CURES Dyspepsia, Constipation, Insomnia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Trouble, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Etc., Etc.

100,000 bottles a day - 600,000 last year - Pittsburgh 10,000 bottles.

Ask Your Grocer or Druggist for it and take no Substitute.

IT IS POSITIVELY A PURE NATURAL WATER AND IS NOT MEDICATED

AND LASTLY BRETHREN, BE IT UNDERSTOOD, THAT TO BE

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BY

## FREDERICK LYONDE

IS TO BE DELIGHTED

STUDIO: KING STREET EAST.

RAILROAD,  
MARINE  
AND  
PORTFOLI  
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That can be Made, in High Class  
style, at Moderate Prices.

OPPOSITE  
HAMILTON  
POST  
OFFICE.